

Characters

Stabbed Arab Lover *Frank Dahill*

Ali/Hinkley *Zach Grenier*

Cynthia *Jan Leslie Harding*

Maecenas *Stuart Hodes*

Shadow from San Francisco *Anne Iobst*

Propertius *Max Jacobs*

Hassidic Book Delivery Man *Warren Keith*

Barbarella *Anne Lange*

Stabbed Arab Wife *Brooke Myers*

Steet of Dogs Town Crier *Harsh Nayyar*

Act 1

ACT ONE

(*The stage looks exactly what New York City looks outside the theatre. The middle of a huge nuclear power plant. Dark and cavernous.*)

WHITE WORLD WORKER 1

(*I.e.; World Worker 1; explaining to a potential worker.*)

This factory is the newest of the new.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 2

(*To the same girl.*)

Yes. We don't even get paid.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 1

(*Before she can open her mouth.*)

Everything is provided for us.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 2

We do everything for ourselves because we're modern.

POTENTIAL WORKER

Oh.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 1

The only thing we need to keep going is files. Files of the workers' medical insurance, files of the workers' life insurance, files of the workers' car insurance, files of the workers' theft insurance, files of the workers' fire insurance.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 2

This is the only reason we need workers.

POTENTIAL WORKER

(*Enthusiastic.*)

Yah!

WHITE WORLD WORKER 2

Products are out-of-date. No one can afford to buy anyway.

POTENTIAL WORKER

(*Or P·O·W*)

What about the Bosses?

WHITE WORLD WORKER 1

They're on salary like the rest of us. The business pays for everything.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 3

We are creating it. Nuclear mixed with solar energy allows the possibility of worldly existence.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 2

We need solid capable workers. We need workers who can understand what we're doing. Who will work harder harder because there is nothing to work for.

(*The underground cavern grows darker, areas of shifting hall-light, huge cavernous pillars like the rocks in the ancient Roman days, machines, just huge shapes.*)

WHITE WORLD WORKER 2

Production production continues uninterrupted. We will never again allow a shortage of energy in the modern world.

RICH COKED-UP VISITOR

(*Turning around to White WW 2.*)

And what if this place should blow up?

(*White WW 2 doesn't answer.*)

WHITE WORLD WORKER 4

(*To White WW 5.*)

What d'you want now? We were just betting on the temperature of the air outside.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 5

Some fission material is missing.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 4

Where?

WHITE WORLD WORKER 5

During the process.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 4

A leak?

WHITE WORLD WORKER 5

Probably a computer mistake.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 4

Has it happened more than once?

WHITE WORLD WORKER 5

I've been watching steadily. For five hours now.

WHITE WORLD WORKER 4

There's nothing wrong with the computer?

(*In a corner of the factory.*)

SHADOW 1

Please love me.

SHADOW 2

I can't love you anymore. I'm pooped.

SHADOW 1

I'm so desperate for you. I've been traveling all over the world. Well, in San Francisco. Being in San Francisco is so boring it's like being everywhere in the world. I've got to have you I'll even brandish a whip to get you.

SHADOW 2

You've never gone that way before.

SHADOW 1

I'm growing up.

RED WORLD WORKER 1

Report from third workshop — production one point below quota.

RED WORLD WORKER 2

performance up to twelve behind target.

RED BOSS

Whose fault is it?

RED WORLD WORKER 1

All computers work perfectly.

RED WORLD WORKER 2

All seismographs work perfectly.

RED WORLD WORKER 3

All cyclotrons work perfectly.

RED WORLD WORKER 4

All Browning effects work perfectly.

(*The Rich Visitor starts taking off his clothes and shits on the floor.*

BLUE WORLD WORKER 1

Report from first workshop — all alarms sounding.

BLUE WORLD WORKER 2

Report from second workshop — all transport buses racing from their sheds.

BLUE BOSS

Movement becomes autonomous for survival. Excessive duration of the one action stops the body from digesting. Poison piles up.

TRANSLUCENT WORLD WORKER

Power in its essence is in no way material, it has no essence at all in a philosophical sense, and it is an apparently unnameable figment of the imagination.

(Slowly, the large window glass is cracking. After this cracking sound, all is totally still, suddenly BAM BAM BAM [very rhythmical]. Nuclear-solar leakage looks gray and red. The whole stage blows to bits and the play is over.

BLACK WORLD WORKER 1

I'll bet ya' the nuclear leakage factor is up fifteen points.

BLACK WORLD WORKER 2

Twenty.

BLACK WORLD WORKER 1

How much?

BLACK WORLD WORKER 2

Ten.

BLACK WORLD WORKER 3

I'll take both of you on for as much as you want that leakage is up fifty points.

BLACK WORLD WORKER 2

What're ya' doing?

BLACK WORLD WORKER 1

I'm calling WEATHER to find out how much nuclear leakage is in the air.

BLUE WORLD WORKER 4

The phone lines aren't working.

(*The squawkings of peacocks kangaroos ostriches and leopards can be heard slightly. The workers fall down dead.*)

LAST WORLD WORKER

Report from control-room: this is the end of the world.

(*There is just rubble and smoke. Out of this rubble rises*)

Prologue

ACT TWO

I'M THINKING ABOUT YOU RIGHT NOW AND I'VE BEEN THINKING

COME OUT, YOU ROTTEN COCKSUCKER

Act 2, Scene 1: To the Door

1
TO THE DOOR

CYNTHIA

(*The whore.*)

Why aren't you grabbing my cunt every chance you get? I love fucking in public streets and why are you telling me you want to be friends and work with me more than you care about sex with me, but you don't want FOR ANY REASONS to cut out the sex? Do you want to own me without owning me?

(*Cynthia leaves to search for Propertius, her boyfriend. It's night. She finds him.*)

Why don't you take me? I've only got five minutes. Why does it have to least beyond these grabbing actions. Oh I believe in love that thing that is impossible to happen.

(*A bones-sticking-out cow drags a cart of glittering religious objects past a dead murderer over the bumpy street.*)

And you're fat and ugly and I'm more beautiful than you and I've got more money and I can earn more in five minutes in this world: you should be taking ME out to dinner. Here's a hole the window we can climb through to where we can fuck.

anything to do with me. I just want split open red and black pussy.

CYNTHIA

Why don't you let me go? I want to go back to that non-existing where I can do what I want.

PROPERTIUS

I like you a lot.

(*Cynthia pisses on Propertius.*)

CYNTHIA

That doesn't work. If I let you make all the decisions, you'll be my father.

PROPERTIUS

I don't want to make any decisions. People tell me what to do very easily and I won't stand being told what to do, so I avoid people.

CYNTHIA

(*Deciding in herself.*)

He's never going to give me what I want, but I'll still fuck him.

(*They're standing in front of a huge partly opened window behind which is black space.*)

CYNTHIA

CYNTHIA

That's why we've got only five minutes.

Act 2

Act 2, Scene 1: To the Door

1

TO THE DOOR

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but cunts have women attached to them. By Augustus's nose! I'm a man! The best wet dream I had was in highschool, I was fucking this girl I desperately wanted to fuck her hole disappeared I still kept shoving rubbing woke up and I was pounding into the bed. Actually I don't want you to have anything to do with me. I just want split open red and black pussy.

CYNTHIA

Why don't you let me go? I want to go back to that non-existing where I can do what I want.

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CYNTHIA

(*Deciding in herself.*)

He's never going to give me what I want, but I'll still fuck him.

PROPERTIUS

Isn't that guy on the corner waiting for you?

CYNTHIA

That's why we've got only five minutes.

Act 2, Scene 2: At a Door's Edge

2

AT A DOOR'S EDGE

(During the night, these streets very narrow dirty uneven rocks no way to be sure of your footing much less direction as for safety all sorts of criminals or rather people who have to survive hiding under one level of stone or behind an arcade you can't even see just standing there. No way to tell the between alive and dead. Criminalities which are understandable mix with religious practices, for people have to do anything to satisfy that which can no longer be satisfied

We shall define sexuality as all that which can't be satisfied

[Simultaneous contrasts, extravagances, incoherences, half-formed misshapen thoughts, lousy spellings.]

Elegance and completely filthy sex fit together. Expectations which can't be satiated.)

CYNTHIA

Just why are you fucking me? You've got a girlfriend named Trick and you love her. According to you, she's satisfied with you and you with her.

PROPERTIUS

Oh little cunt door I love you so very very much.

CYNTHIA

Well, everyone wants to fuck me so I tell you I'm sick of this life. Who cares if you're another person waiting at my door. You're just another man and you don't mean shit to me.

PROPERTIUS

Please, cunt, I'm cold and I'll be the best man for you. I know you're fucking someone else that's why you won't let me near you. You cheap rags stinking fish who wants anything to do with corpses anyway?

(*To himself.*)

And thus I tried to drown my mourning.

CYNTHIA

This is the door out I want, goddamn you. Now I'm dead:

I want

One. My mother father and grandmother are dead. Fuck that.

Two. When my mother popped off, afterwards, she lay in this highly polished wood coffin in the most expensive funeral house in New York City — where all the society die after they're dead-FAKE, everything was real but there are times real is fake, flowers, tons of smells, wood halls polished like fingernails, preacher asks me, "Do you know anything good I can say

really love her? The beginning of the funeral: the family lawyer, having walked over to me, shakes my lapels, "Where are the 800 IBM shares?" "There are 800 missing IBM shares and no one knows how your mother died. I thought she might have given them to you." "She never gave me a penny." Three. I do everything for sexual love. What a life it's like I no longer exist cause no one loves me. So *When I die*, I'll die because you'll know *that you caused me to die* and you'll be responsible. That's what my death'll do to you and you'll learn to love. I'm teaching you by killing myself.

Four. You're gonna have to die too. You'll be like me. You'll be where I now am. Your cock-bone will lie in my cunt-bone.

Five. This is why life shits: because you're gonna love me the second I leave you flat. Sexuality comes from repression. In the long run, nothing matters. This is the one sentiment that makes me happy.

Please be nice to me.

BARBARELLA

You've got to own a man who has money.

DANIELLE

I want money and power.

CYNTHIA & BARBARELLA

(*Agreeing.*)

Money and sex are definitely the main criteria.

DANIELLE

(*Barbarella giggles.*)

But when I'm sexually open, I totally change and this real fem part comes out.

BARBARELLA

I want a husband. No. I take that back. I want someone who'll support me.

CYNTHIA

Good luck.

BARBARELLA

I'm both the husband and wife. Even though none of us is getting anything right now, except for Danielle who's getting everything, our desires are totally volatile.

DANIELLE

I can't be a wife. I can be a hostess. If I've got lots of money.

CYNTHIA

I think if you really worship sex, you don't fuck around. Danielle fucks around more than any of us and she's the one who doesn't care about sex.

BARBARELLA

Most men don't like sex. They like being powerful and when you have good sex you lose all power.

CYNTHIA

3

INSIDE

Now we're fucking:

I don't have any finesse I'm all over you like a raging blonde leopard and I want to go more raging I want to go snarling and poisoning and teasing eek eek, curl around your hind leg pee, that twig over there, I want your specific piss shuddering out of your cock. I want you to help me. I need help.

Take off your clothes. Clothes imprison. Clothes imprison legs and mouths and red teeth still shudder want too much, taking off our clothes,

Why can't you ever once do something that's not allowable? I mean goddamnit. Hit me.

Do anything.

Do something.

Sow this hideousness opposition blood to everyone proud I want to knock Ken over with a green glass I want to hire a punk to beat up Pam I will poison your milk if you don't leave your girlfriend.

Sex is public The streets made themselves for us to walk naked down them Take out your cock and piss over me.

The threshold is here. Commit yourself to not-knowing. Legs lie against legs. Hairs mixing hairs and here, a fingerpad, a space, a hand, a space, hairs mixed with hairs.

Go over this threshold with me.

Thumb, your two fingers pinch my nipples while your master bears down on me. Red eyes, stare down on the top of my eyes. Cock, my eyes are staring at you pull out of the brown hairs. Red eyes, now you're watching your cock pull out of the strange brown hairs. Thumb, your two fingers pinch my nipples master bears down on me.

Now you've gone away:

Joel whom I thought hated me saw me every other day and Rudy whom I

You might just as well accept you're in love with him because if you give him up just cause he doesn't adore you enough, you'll have nothing. In the other case, there's a one percent chance you'll keep touching his flesh.

CYNTHIA, sitting at her dressing-table in her little apartment overlooking the middleclass Roman whores' section, is dressing her hair: That goddamn son-of-a-bitch I hope he goes to hell I hope he gets POISONED wild city DOGS should drive their thousands of TEETH-FANGS through his flesh a twelve-year-old syphilitic named Janey Smith should wrap her cunt around that prick I hate that prick those fingers I hate black hair I want his teeth to rip themselves out in total agony I want his lips to dry up in Grand Canyon gulfs I want him PARALYZED never to be able to move again and to be conscious of it:

Now, louse, you'll learn. You'll learn what it is not to know. I want you to learn what it is to want like fire. The driest and coldest dry ice: the top of your head will burn and the rest of your body will freeze shake muscles will cramp as they do when they're not yet used to the bedless floor, at night, you will know agony. You must learn what it is to want.

I'm a whore who's unable to hold in and repress her emotions.

Propertius decides he doesn't want to fuck Cynthia again: How can such a stinking fish, a cunt who has experienced what it is to be the wish-fulfillment of many men, hordes of men, more men than promote the Great Caesar, be innocent? Moreover she's had such a poverty-regulated life, she can't have the life in her to give me the female elegance and beauty I deserve.

My girlfriend on the other hand, if anyone ever hurts me, is going to have to murder him. For me. When I'm dying from a worn-out liver punctured guts three punches in the face and dirty track marks because I've lived life to the hilt, my girlfriend will commit suicide. As a whore, Cynthia goes from man to man because she's no man's possession. So there's no possibility I'm going to love her and, if I fuck her, it's just cause she's an open cunt. Women's libbers are right when they want to get rid of all you whores by locking you up.

CYNTHIA

Oh, hello. I'm busy now.

CYNTHIA

I just wanted to see you.

PROPERTIUS

I'm busy with someone now. I'll give you a call tomorrow.

CYNTHIA

Please.

(*There's nothing she can do.*)

O'K'

(*Propertius and his girlfriend walk into the house. One of the dogs on the street starts barking.*)

The street of Dogs. Two lines of houses lead to a Renaissance perspective. These lines are seemingly-only-surface connected three-story townhouses. A sun and a three-quarter moon hang fakely over one townhouse. Common household objects such as lamps, a part of a table, half of a torn plastic rose kitchen take up some of the window space. Outside a townhouse, a dog leans over her basket of laundry. Two dogs, one leaning farther out of his window than the other, open their mouths to howl. Their teeth are sharp and white and they have very long red tongues. One dog over her basket of wash gossips dog. Two young dogs are mangling each other next to the curb. On each side of

a disease. I don't want to and why should I? I want this sweet thing that is you.
I'm going to go after you, aching sore,

(I don't care what your reaction is to me),

because why not, darling.

(*Cynthia walks up to Propertius's door and sits in front of it. The door doesn't move.*)

(*A big bald-headed man opens the door lays his palms on the doorway. Cynthia goes away.*)

You alone born from my most beautiful carecure for grief
Shuts out since your fate "COME OFTEN HERE"
Fiction by my will will become the most popular form
Propertius, your forgiveness, peace, Peter, yours.
to redefine the realms of sex so sex
I'm crawling up the wall for you.
I must face facts I'm not a
female. I must face facts I can't be loved. I must
face facts I need love to live. Hello, walls.
How're you doing today? Hello, my watch. Please watch
over Propertius, you are here because I will
never get near him again. He is now forbidden
territory.

(*Cynthia lies down on the street and sticks razor blades up her arms. The burns ask her if she needs a drink.*)

Watch out. Madness is a reality, not a perversion.

Among these women, free yet timorous, addicted to late hours darkened rooms gambling indolence, sparing of words, all they needed was an allusion.

I reveled in the quickness of their half-spoken threats more like the violent excitement of a teenager who doesn't know what he feels. These exchanges as if once the slow-thinking male is banished every message from woman to woman is clear and overwhelming are few in kind and infallible.

The first time I dined at her place, three brown tapers dripped waxen tears in tall candlesticks without dispelling the gloom. A low table, from the Orient, offered a pell-mell of les hors d'oeuvre — strips of raw fish rolled upon glass wands, foie gras, shrimps, salad seasoned with pepper and cranberry — there was a well-chosen Piper Heidsieck brut and very strong Russian Greek and Chinese alcohols. I didn't believe I'd become friends with this woman who tossed off her drink with the obliviousness with which a person in the depths of opium watches his hand burn.

The "master" is never referred to by the name of woman. We seemed to be waiting for some catastrophe to project herself into our midst, but she merely kept sending invisible messengers laden with jades, enamels, laquers, furs ... From one marvel to another ... Who is the dark origin of all this nonsense?

"Tell me, Renée. Are you happy?"

Renée blushed, smiled, then abruptly stiffened.

"Why, of course, my dear Colette. Why would you want me to be unhappy?"

"I didn't say I wanted it," I retorted.

"I'm happy," Renée explained to me, "but the sexual ecstasy is so great, I'm going to be physically sick."

Act 2, Scene 4: On the Nature of Art

4

ON THE NATURE OF ART

The worse thing about women is all these emotions. Take the hole I slept with last night. Sure, she moaned hard when I stuck my dick in her. But did she have any idea that I didn't feel? Sure, I'm a macho pig. Why should I pretend I'm something I'm not I care about art. Everything but art is a second-class existent. Art, you are the black hole of vulnerability, you take everything from me and are not human. You can take me whenever you want me. A human has to care for one thing.

I use whatever I can get from women. I maul the need they offer me. I increase their anguish or insecurity and horniness to elephantine proportions. So the ugly is left ugly and consciousness' unavoidable anguish is as it is in me.

My writing will cure you of your suffering. I teach young girls how to win the love of men who don't love them. I teach boys how to endure the lacerations of long red fingernails stuck in their face flesh and how to watch the girl they crawl under fuck another man right in front of their faces.

AUGUSTUS

(*Through the lips of his literary counselor Maecenas.*)

You're not a poet and you're not a real man because you write about emotion. Men are people who take care of the world, who care that people get enough to eat, who stop the greedy hawks at least from seizing more power and underhanded control.

Artists who are men have to change the world. When they start paying attention to emotions, what are emotions?, they're helping the power hawks destroy the social bonds people need to live.

PROPERTIUS

Then my writing destroys social bonds so that's who I am.

ignorant desperate, you'll leave your politics and run to me,

(*Turns away from Maecenas.*)

away from anything public,
the art-world: a salon resplendent with gilding and illuminations. One has just revealed original talent and with this first portrait of his shows himself the equal of his teacher. A sculptor's chatting with one of those clever satirists who refuse to recognize merit and think they're smarter than anyone else. The people talk either about how they earn money or who's becoming famous. All for good reason are grasping. Since the only ideas are for sale, none are mentioned. A few women are existing to maintain the surface that heterosexuality is still conceivable. Eyes never see mouths faces are talking to away from the art-world, You can say I write stories about sex and violence, with sex and violence, and therefore my writing isn't worth considering because it uses content much less lots of content and all the middle-range people or moralists say I'm a disgusting violent sadist. Well, I tell you this:

Prickly race, who know nothing except how to eat out your own hearts with envy, you don't eat cunt, writing isn't a viable phenomenon anymore. Everything has been said. All these lines aren't my writing: Philetas's Demeter far outweighs his long old woman, and of the two, it's his little pieces of shit I applaud. May the crane-who-delights-in-the-Pygmy's-blood's flight from Egypt to Thrace be so long, like me in your arms, endless endless grayness, may the death shots the Massagetae're directing against a Mede be so far: what is here: desire violence will never stop. Go die off, you, you destructive race of the Evil Eye, or learn to judge poetic appearance by art: art is the elaborating of violence. Don't look to me to want to change the world. I'm out of it.

But if there hadn't been between you the two the dark streets, the risks, and the old man you had just abandoned, had there been no danger, would you have

(*To Cynthia who isn't in front of him.*)

I know you've been going through hell because I've been refusing to speak to you.

I know the moment I stopped talking to you, you slit your wrist

(you did that just cause when you were in your teens you regularly cut your arms with a razor blade to show yourself you were horror),

then more seriously you got an ovarian infection because your ovaries had been rejected. You tried I know you tried you did avoid me

(except when you phoned ten times a day, my girlfriend answered the phone and you hung up.)

Listen, Cynthia. I fucked so many girls I took them up to this penthouse sauna and swimming pool someone had lent me. Beautiful girls pass each other on the stairway. Limbs disappear in the shadow, and there's nothing else.

(*About his new girlfriend to Cynthia who isn't in front of him.*)

The more I knew she was fucking every man she'd meet through me, the more I'd do anything for her — crazed because I knew every move she made was part of her leaving me. Then it stopped; she ran away with her other boyfriend.

I want you, Cynthia.

If you don't give your total flesh and everything else over to me, slimy bitch, may you drink raw oyster-like blood — you now living on your dead grandmother's capitalistic hoard — may whatever food your lips and smell come near stink of shit-filled guts, human, always always you regret everything you seem to yourself to be. Your thoughts are wild fantasies. Wild fantasies eat you,

(*On his knees, to Cynthia who isn't in front of him.*)

Last night I had this dream, Cynthia. You stood over me. The ring I had given you, your finger, the white palm outstretched. You said these following words to me:

CYNTHIA

I didn't mean to tell you your girlfriend was fucking around, but (1) you had just told me I wasn't a female because I have a "career" and because I'm not a female no man will love me. That hurt. (2) You set up the terms of the relationship, but I was thinking about you all the time so you said STAY RATIONAL but I wasn't rational: this was confusing me. I explained my identity-desperation by telling you I had known your girlfriend was twotiming you that's why I let myself love you. But the second I mentioned the first word, explosion!, so I backed off: I just heard gossip, the gossip was old she wasn't fucking anyone else. I'm wrong to listen to gossip. Let me be hurt. (3) I said "Propertius is no more," but my body reacted: I cut a razor blade through my flesh so I could see the flesh hole revealing two thin purple-blue-gray wires which frightened and reminded me of my mother's chin three days after she committed suicide, the body gets sick. I'm not a woman who takes shit, but

Why do I like you so much? I like you you so much you're necessary to the continuing of my existence right now and I don't understand this at all, I just know it's true.

PROPERTIUS

Cynthia walked away from me, and I woke up.

(*To Cynthia who isn't in front of him.*)

(AT FIRST THERE IS ONLY LANGUAGE AND NOTHING ELSE.)

Aya bazar dur ast? Naxeir, xanom, sorx nist vali marg ast.

Is the bazaar far? No, Mrs', it's not red it's dead.

Niz mive hast.

There's fruit too.

Bazar besar ziba st'

The bazaar is very beautiful.

Aya mive sorx ast?

Is the fruit red?

Bali, xanom, xeili geran ast.

Yes, Mrs', it's very expensive.

Magar in gusht morde nist?

Isn't this meat dead?

Naxeir, xanom, morde nist.

No, Mrs', it isn't dead.

Aya bank dar in bazar hast?

Is there a bank in this bazaar?

Bali, xanom, sorx ast.

Yes, Mrs', it is red.

Aya mardan hast?

Are there males?

(THE ARAB WOMAN'S SONG FOR HER LOVER WHO IS FAR FROM HER.

Aya hesse beneferate valedein va betanaffore bi entehae
ejtema' parvarde bi dardhae vedad hamishe ast?

Is feeling fed on parental distaste forever social disdain
always without the pangs of love?

Aya xod az seresht doshmane javadane vedad am?

Bitch
Talxi
Bitterness
Beto hame cizra miguyuam
I tell you everything
vali zabana nadaram.
but I don't have a tongue.
Tab'id xosh ast.
Banishment is pleasant.
Beruye xod ruye mara beband
Link my face to your face
Farar az zaleman mojaz ast.
Flight from tyrants is O'K.
Zaleman ki st?
Who are the tyrants?
safar az vos'athaye goh,
traveling through realms of garbage,
otumobile morde hast
"There's a car wreck."
Xarcange daraxshan be portoqali
A phosphorescent crab
Valedeine xodra farar mikonim.
We're fleeing our parents.
Xateranaman namidanim.
Our minds don't know.
Toye koudan, beto 'asheq namibashad.
You dummy, he doesn't love you.
To inqadr qarib i: hickas beto 'asheq namibashad.
You're such a freak: no one loves you.
Shahrhaye 'arabi qaribanra dust nadarand.

I come in a life of pain.

(IT'S POSSIBLE TO SEE THE STAGE.)

Xeyabanha xeili seyah inj a st'
The streets here are very black.
Dalanhaye zendanha va mahkameha
The labyrinth

This height

That academy

Towers for exposing the dead

Square or round

No door

No draughtsmen

Open closed

Obelisk refractory

The city's endless

The map isn't clear

The building is deep.

An kuce saket ast.

The lower corners aren't light.
Pellekan bala miravad.
The steps rise.
Pellekan tarik nist.
The steps aren't dark.
Sahnaye asman baz ast.
The sky's courtyards're open.
Tiz ast.
It is sharp.
In mard bi maqz ast.
This man's lobotomized.
Maqz ra koshtan xeili bad ast.
Lobotomy is horrible.
In mard 'Ali ostadi st'
This man, Ali, is an artist.
Kucek va lalimi st'
He's small and Jewish.
In Yahudian bi maqzan and.
These Jews have no minds.
An juxe shahr kalimi st'
That ghetto is Jewish.
'Arabi tahudi st'
An Arab is a Jew.
'Ali javan ast vali madarash pir.
Ali is young but his mother's old.
Ali mifahmad an kuce quarib v 'ajib ast.
Ali senses, that street is strange and wonderful.
Ketabforushye kalimi qalil ast.
The Jewish bookstore is small.
Aya yahudian az 'araban bahushtar and?

Your guts stink. I hate your hair. You must be an Arab cause you have such a large nose. All Arabs are without intelligence. You don't understand my personality because I don't have a personality: I am shifty sneaky devious worthless anonymous wormlike and you've been looking for a real assassin. You want your son to be someone: to grow up and rip out people's guts for money or send poor people to jail for money or tell people all of whom listen what reality is. I'm just like everyone else.

Smelling your flesh when you are with me is agony because you do not love me. We are so different we should hate each other and besides you're a powermonger like all Arabs. We are so unlike each other, mom, even though we fuck, the universe must have been totally sick when it made us. The universe must totally sick to make us, the two of us, the same blood.

We are going to have to kill each other because there is no other way out of this relationship.

I am banging open my head against my livingroom wall. Any pain helps soften the dry ice needles surrounding and stabbing my right eye swelling up the soft gush around my appendix squeeze my sex muscles into tiny steel pins your presence causes me.

I think you're a real good person and I wouldn't shoot anyone else, I only shot you cause everyone in the world hates you. I do what anyone wants me to. This is the agony. I can't be real anymore. I can't be — much less who — not even what I want. I am total powerlessness. What do you know about agony? shoot you. Everyone knows everything about total agony and the whole world is writhing.

Are we supposed to have sex, mom, even though you're dead?

Your son,

Ali Warnock Hinkley, Jr.

'Ali so'al mikonad masjed ra koja st?

Ali asks, Where is the mosque?

Isn't this freedom very expensive?
'Ali tue bazare gusht miravad.
Ali goes into the meat market.
Qachaye bazuyan va payan hast.
There are cut-off arms and legs.
Qatele bazuyan va payan kist?
Who is the cutter-off of arms and legs?
Aya in xeyaban bala miravad?
Is this street climbing upwards?
Bali, va zard ast.
Yes, and it is pale.
Aya yahudi ya 'Arabi ya qatele siasi hastid?
Are you a Jew, an Arab, or a terrorist?
Inja cizhaye xali faqat hast.
Here is just emptiness.
Aya in 'emarat masjed ast?
Is this building the mosque?
In 'emrat baz nist.
This building is closed.
Markaziat nist. Fekrha nist. 'Aqebatha nist. Entezarha nist.
There is no centralization. There are no thoughts. There are no goals. There aren't expectations.
Harj o marj quesmate jang ast.
Anarchy is part of war.
In bacce dozdi st'
The child is a blackmailer.
In baccegan siah and.
These children are black.
Dozdane baxil or haris o darazdast az tavallod va heqarate tamame mardome
birun va xelafe hokumat

Just as post World War I humans had Lenin and Freud, we have people who are making the most basic processes of human mentality and we don't need anything old.

We are no longer hierarchical. We no longer need men. We prefer deviation anomie anomaly shift fiction to rules and names. The repeating noise-making ridiculous functions of language are more pleasurable when mixed with the expressing ones.

A. In times of war all times we are warriors.

Harj o marj qesmate jang ast.

Anarchy is part of war.

In balaxane'e bolandi st'

This is a high grating.

Inja doxtare 'Arabi istad.

An Arab woman stood here.

Pa'in dame mardi naqah kard.

She looked down at a man.

Shouhare 'Arabiash ura kosht.

Her Arab husband stabbed her.

Houze bozorgye xuni hast.

There was a large pool of blood.

Aya doxtare 'Arabi zende ast?

Is the Arab woman alive?

Doxtar morde nist vali hasad zende.

The woman isn't dead, but jealousy is alive.

Ziaati te masjed

A VISIT TO THE MOSQUE

'Ali dare masjedra zad.

Inja sagi hast.
Here is a dog.
Inja gorbe' hast.
Here is a cat.
Inja zendegi nist.
Here there is no life.
Hic ciz ra namikoni
You don't do anything.
Tanbal i.
You're lazy.
Be hic ciz 'aqide daram.
I don't believe anything.
Dar jahanye 'aquidegan namiziam.
I don't live in a world of beliefs.
Bashari az jahan hic ciz ra kay yafl?
When has a human gotten anything from the world?
Shah o pedar ra nadaram v az hame kas nefrat daram va man xelafe xod mijangam.
I have no king no father I hate everyone and I'm in continuous war against the self.
Har ciz ra miguyam: hickas dar har surat in zaban ra nadanad.
I say anything no one knows this language anyway.
Jense mo'annasam beto baz ast.
My vagina is open to you.
Jense mo'annasam dame dastat ast.
My vagina is at your hand.
Muyam dame dastat ast.
My hair is at your hand.
Nefrat to jense mozakkaram nistid.
You are not my cock, hatred.

Masjed tekke'e goh' ast.
The mosque is a piece of shit.
Zabane faqate momkenam 'ahirrahaiiiii st'
My only possible speech is 'ahirrahaiiiii.
To xodkoshym i.
You're my suicide.
____ bad bu darad.
Allah stinks.

ALI GOES TO A WITCH

Dar ya's va jahel 'Ali be vasileye ketabe loqate telefun aqabe zane jadu'i
migradad.
In desperation because not knowing anything, Ali looks through the phone
director for a witch.
Zane jadu baradare xodra mijavid.
The witch was gnawing on her brother.
'Ali bezane jadu goft,
Ali said to the witch,
Tanha, mo'allem, tanha va mast be nefrat o xonak;
Alone, Mistress, alone, drunk on disgust and boring;
Tanha: pesar ba ayande bala zaxm tolu' nakarde ast;
Alone: the son with expectation hasn't risen above the wound;
Tanha, vali farvardin az daryaye tarik nure xod ra midaraxshad
Alone, but Farvardin is glowing its light through the dark sea.
Va vos'ate abi musiqye xun ast zohre suzesh ast
And blue space is rock-n-roll is burning noon
Vos'ate avizan karde ba nabzhaye golhaye anduxte hame ja.
Space all around hung with pulsating, heaped-up roses.
Dar baqha bar baqha bar ruye baqha.

I have no father no brother.

Man male ya hic hasad ya hic qazab ya hic sanduq nistal;

I don't belong to any envy or anger or box;

Har kas mara tark karde ast; daxele mamlovvye xabha zendegi mikonam,

Everyone has left me: I'm living in the fullness of dreams,

Miane xod va jense mo'annasi xishi va 'eshq ra xedmat karde am.

I've served kinship and love between me and a twat.

Zane jadu dad,

The witch replied,

Shashe Parvin kasif ast. Shashe Hasan kasif ast. Inja darmane ehteyajatan ast.

Beman dah barat ra bedehid va veda' beknoid.

Parvin's piss is dirty. Hasan's piss is dirty. Here's the curse you want. Give me ten dollars and leave.

'Ali be u dah baratra dad va veda' kard.

Ali gave her ten dollars and left.

(THE STAGE IS LEFT WITH THE CRIES OF PEACOCKS.)

END